give it to you like you need it

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by sugarcoatedtulip

Summary

“You know I love how you fuck me,” she started over, “but I think I want to try something… different.” Even intoxicated she still had to swallow her nerves to ask this of him.

Jack laughed. “Is that all, sweetheart? You had to get drunk to ask me to experiment in the bedroom? Whatever it is, you can tell me. You want to tie me up? You want to have sex in a car?”

“No, but I would be open to both,” she replied honestly. “But I want-” she took a breath, trying to find the words to articulate what she’s trying to say. “You’re always so… *nice,”* she started, “but I think I want you to be a little… mean?”

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or: samira gets drunk and asks jack to be rougher in the bedroom. he delivers.

Notes

this is just porn. sorry not sorry

Samira Mohan was really, *really* drunk, but maybe that was her plan all along.

The whole gang was at a bar close to the hospital, with the elders (read: Robby, Collins, McKay, Langdon, and Abbot) sat at a cozy booth on one side of the bar, the newbies (Victoria, Mel, Whitaker, and Trinity) sat at the bar itself, and with Samira flitting between the two groups.

She was more senior than the newbies, but not quite as old or experienced as the older doctors, so she found herself fitting in fine with both demographics.

Besides, there was another reason for her to gravitate towards the table in the back.

Jack Abbot was, in general, an enigma- to anyone but her, at least.

They weren't in a relationship, per say. For all intents and purposes, they were, but they had never put a label on it. It felt too juvenile to call that man her *boyfriend;* that man who looked at her like she hung the moon in the sky. They slept in the same bed more often than not, had countless dates over coffee or post-shift Pad Thai, and had toothbrushes and toiletries at each others' apartments. They knew what they were to each other, had whispered it in the small space between them when they cuddled up after Jack had fucked her within an inch of her life.

That was another thing: the sex. Samira didn't think she could even put to words how *good* it felt, how much attention he showered onto her, how he could always read her moods and knew when all she wanted was to be held and fucked slowly, and when she needed it to be hard and fast. He was as attentive as he was generous, using up all his energy post-shift on making her feel good.

Not to mention that he ate her out like it was a competitive sport. Yeah- no force on Earth could take that man from her.

There was just- just one, *small* thing.

It was like an itch, a twinge in the back of her mind that she just couldn't ignore.

Every time they had sex, it was fantastically mind blowing, but he was also just so- so *nice.*

When she so much as squirmed when he held her down, he would immediately let go. He was always checking in on her, which was important, but they had also been together long enough that he should know that she would tell him if anything was too much. He always laid himself bare for her, letting her use him however she wished, but sometimes she just wanted him to *take charge.*

She knew he was capable of it- she saw how he took charge in the ER, giving orders without hesitating and with a practiced ease that made her lightheaded. She just wished he would get the hint and use some of that commanding energy on *her.*

Unfortunately for her, Samira found it rather difficult to talk about sex. She always blushed rather furiously when it was brought up as a topic of conversation, especially with Jack, which he found endlessly amusing. She could talk dirty, sure, but she could just have a casual, objective conversation about sex. It wasn't her thing.

One time, Jack had asked her offhandedly one morning what her favorite thing he had done to her the night before was, and she had blushed and stammered so hard that she had to put her head in her hands out of embarrassment. She could only answer the question once he had assured her that she didn't have to answer if she didn't want to, and she had murmured her answer into the crick of his neck with his arms wrapped around her.

However, *also* unfortunately for her, this night she was very, *very* drunk. The table of youngins were (unfortunately) talking about their sex lives, Trinity being the most outspoken and explicit in her descriptions, and they had been trying to get Samira to divulge even the smallest detail about her and Jack.

"He's your *attending!"* Samira insisted. "I am not telling you if he keeps his leg on during sex or not!"

At that, the whole table moaned and groaned.

"Come *on,* Samira! Give us something, here! You've heard all about my wet dreams about Garcia, and Mel has talked about her and Langdon being little freaks, it's only fair for you to share!" Santos insisted.

Samira, blushing furiously, had offhandedly muttered, *"I am not drunk enough for this",* which they had unfortunately taken rather literally.

They had plied her with so many drinks that Samira no longer felt

comfortable enough to go over to the old folk's table without stumbling or saying something to make a fool out of herself, so she was planted at the bar with her nagging friends.

She was the level of drunk where saying *anything* felt like a great idea, and even standing up sounded precarious.

Santos and Mel were in the middle of giving Whitaker a pep talk about finally getting frisky with Kim the Nurse.

"Communication is key with any relationship," Mel advised sagely, still nursing her second drink.

"Yeah, you just have to *communicate* that you want to sleep with her!" Trinity insisted. "You've already gotten halfway there, you just have to go the distance!"

"Yeah, I just don't know how to… instigate it!" he insisted, flailing his arms.

"You don't have to *instigate it,"* Trinity insisted, "just start with a little something and keep it going! It's not that deep!"

"But it is that deep!" Whitaker cried. "It's our first time together, I want it to be special!"

Trinity barked a laugh. "She is a grown fucking woman, Huckleberry. She doesn't need rose petals, and this isn't prom night! Just have *sex* with her!"

Mel nodded, agreeing. "Sex is very healthy. Releases endorphins and such."

"I just want to be a gentleman," Whitaker sighed helplessly, sipping more of his Dirty Shirley.

Samira knew it was probably ill-advised for her to add to the conversation in her intoxicated state, but of course she couldn't help it.

"Maybe she doesn't want you to be a gentleman," Samira strugged. "Maybe she likes it a little rougher."

All three heads turned towards her.

"Oh, yeah?" Trinity teased. "Do you know a lot about that, Samira?"

She shrugged, smiling into her drink as she took a sip, trying and failing to let a smile creep onto her face.

“Dr. Mohan!” Santos fake gasped, placing a dramatic hand over her heart. “You like it rough, don’t you?”

“That’s very natural,” Mel assured. “Some people like to give up control every once and a while. Especially in our line of work.”

“Yeah, Mel would know,” Trinity snorted.

“You walk that man like a *dog,”* Samira chimed in, causing Mel to blush.

“I do *not-”* she insisted, before cutting herself off and pivoting. “Sex is healthy!”

“Yeah, yeah,” Whitaker said. “Y’all are all freaks, we get it. I just want something *normal* with Kim!”

“Normal is subjective. You want *vanilla* sex. That’s a much better description.”

“There’s nothing wrong with wanting boring sex!” Samira affirmed, nodding like a bobblehead. Whitaker looked rather offended and Trinity and Mel’s jaws hit the floor as they laughed incredulously.

“God, you’re *drunk,* Mohan!” Trinity laughed. “You *never* want to talk about sex!”

She shrugged, no doubt with a loopy sort of smile on her face. “Sex is good, or whatever Mel said.” She paused, taking a long pull of her drink, thoughts spinning with images of Jack fucking her into the matress. “Sex is very, *very* good.”

“Oh, god,” Mel laughed.

“I did *not* want to know that about Dr. Abbot,” Whitaker groaned, putting his head in his hands, elbows propped up onto the bar.

“Hey, I’m not surprised,” Trinity said. “You know what they say about going older- more life experience, and all that.”

“Is that why you’re thirsting after Garcia?” Samira asked. “Or is it sort of the powerful-lesbian-surgeon thing that’s working for you?”

Then it was Mel and Whitaker’s turn to laugh at Trinity’s expense.

“Alright,” she grumbled. “I’m getting Abbot. You’re *so* drunk.” Trinity stood up from the bar and weaved her way through the crowd to go to the old people booth.

Samira just laughed and downed the rest of her drink.

*****

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen you think drunk, Mira,” Jack laughed, one hand on the steering wheel and one hand on her thigh, slowly swiping his thumb back and forth. He was driving them back to his apartment, eyes flitting from the road to Samira.

She hummed lowly, not caring much what he had to say, only letting her eyes trace the line of stubble on his jaw. She felt like she could eat him alive.

Her hands were in a similar mood, frisking him up and down the arm he held her with, fingers encircling his strong bicep and forearm. She turned and leaned forward to whisper soft kisses on his arm, moving his shirt sleeve up to expose more skin, scraping her teeth lightly.

Jack exhaled sharply. “Feeling frisky tonight, are we?”

“I can’t help it,” she sighed, looking up at him as he looked at the road. “You’re just so *sexy.”*

She meant it, of course, but she often *showed* him rather than told him– the alcohol was giving her confidence, and he knew it.

“Drunk words are sober thoughts, huh, Mira?” he teased. “Feeling bold?”

Samira nodded into his shoulder, her hands still roaming, one moving to curl around his pec and opposite shoulder.

“This isn’t very safe,” he teased. “You’re barely in your seatbelt *and* you’re distracting me.”

“Better keep your eyes on the road, then,” she teased lightly.

He did nothing but smile, tightening his grip on the steering wheel and pressing just a little harder on the gas pedal.

“Jack,” she started, eyes half-lidded, “you know I love how you fuck me-”

“We’re not having sex tonight, if that’s what you’re going to say,” he interrupted with a laugh. “You’re *way* too drunk.”

“Yes, I know, Jack,” she signed with fake frustration. He was always very conscious about consent, always checking in with her during the act and ensuring she was in the right frame of mind. “Now, stop interrupting before I lose my nerve.” She moved both of her hands to circle his wrist, still turned towards him.

“You know I love how you fuck me,” she started over, “but I think I want to try something… different.” Even intoxicated she still had to swallow her nerves to ask this of him.

Jack laughed. “Is that all, sweetheart? You had to get drunk to ask me to experiment in the bedroom? Whatever it is, you can tell me. You want to tie me up? You want to have sex in a car?”

“No, but I would be open to both,” she replied honestly. “But I want-” she took a breath, trying to find the words to articulate what she’s trying to say. “You’re always so *nice,”* she started, “but I think I want you to be a little… mean?”

“...Mean?” he asked, eyebrows raised, eyes still on the road. She was glad he knew better than to look her in the eyes while he said this.

“Maybe not *mean,”* she backtracked, “but maybe instead of giving me everything I want– which I love, don’t get me wrong– maybe just make me… work for it a little more? And talk to me like… oh, god, I don’t even know how to say this… like I’m-”

“Like you’re desperate for my cock?”

She immediately blushed, tucking her head into his shoulder. “Yes,” she said, muffled by his shirt. “Because I am, to be clear. Very desperate. At all times.”

“At all times, huh? Good to know it’s not just me.”

That made her perk up.

“You’re desperate for me?” she teased, her hands resuming their roaming, trying to put on her sexiest voice while she was still very drunk.

“Oh, baby, you *know* I’m desperate for you,” he replied. “I’m just better at communicating it than you are. Though, I’m starting to like this really drunk Samira. She’s bold.”

“Well you won’t see her very often. I can already feel tomorrow morning’s headache coming on, and I only got this drunk so I could work up the nerve to ask you about this-” She stopped herself, realizing what she had said, grimacing in a way he probably thought was endearing.

Jack barked a laugh. “You did, huh? So this was all premeditated?”

“Don’t make fun of me,” she bemoaned, “I’m being brave.”

“Yes, you are,” he assured, squeezing her thigh. “My most brave girl.”

Samira squirmed in her seat. “You can’t talk like that and *not* fuck me, Jack.”

“I can make you come one time before you go to sleep, how about that? Nice and easy.”

She could feel her face heat up. “Better drive faster then, baby,” she whispered into his shoulder.

He pressed harder on the gas.

*****

When Samira woke up the next morning, it was to an empty bed and a pounding headache.

It was one of her rare days off, not having to work until the night shift, so she buried her face back into the pillows and willed herself to go back to sleep.

“Good morning, sweetheart,” a low voice rumbled. She could tell without looking up that he was probably leaning against the bathroom door frame.

She groaned into the pillow in lieu of an answer.

“Regretting those drinks, now, are we?” He moved to sit on the bed

next to her, rubbing her back up and down in broad, smooth motions. Her skin erupted in goosebumps, the feeling of his hand on her reminding her of the delicious way he made her come last night- on her back, three fingers inside of her and sweet nothings in her ear, her writhing in the sheets and coming like a wave on the beach. As hard as she tried, he wouldn't let her touch him afterward, instead forcing her to sleep.

"I think someone poisoned one of my six gin and tonics," she bemoaned, finally lifting her head up to look at Jack. He was just in his boxers, shirtless, prosthetic off, smiling down at her.

She could only remember flashes from the night, vague images of drinks at the bar and sitting in the corner booth, Trinity and Mel and Whitaker, and the drive home with Jack-

Oh, god. The drive home.

Samira's eyes widened, and she could tell Jack could tell what he was thinking because he suddenly looked *incredibly* smug.

She let her head drop into the pillow.

"Don't look at me like that," she groaned.

"I don't know what you mean, Mira," he laughed. "You were being frisky last night. It was good."

She huffed into the pillow. "Don't make fun of me."

"I'm not making fun of you, I promise! You know you can tell me anything. There's no need to be embarrassed."

She considered his words for a moment, then turned her head to look at him. "So you don't think I'm a weirdo?"

He laughed. "Baby, with the way you looked at me last night, I was surprised I could fit my big head through the door. It was one hell of an ego boost. And if you knew all the things I've thought about you, you would run for the hills. I don't think there's a single thing you could ask of me that I wouldn't at least consider doing, so *no,* I don't think you're weirdo."

In lieu of a response, she just flopped her head back onto the pillow.

"You're on night shift with me tonight, right?" he continued.

She nodded as his hands resumed their careful exploration of her bare back.

“Well, we better get some more sleep,” he said, pulling the covers over them both. His hands move to her sides, then moving down, down-

“I can think of a few ways to tire us out.”

Samira’s head popped back up.

***

The fateful night didn’t happen until over a month after their initial conversation.

Samira was on a string of days, and Abbot was on his usual nights, and they kept flip flopping shifts and not having overlapping days off.

Until one spring day.

It was unseasonably warm, and Samira had planned for them to make the most out of the miracle they had found themselves with- they both had both the day and night off. *Finally.*

They started by sleeping in for hours, both fresh off a rather rough night shift. They had showered and tumbled into bed together, still naked but out of convenience rather than seduction.

When they woke up, the room was still deliciously dark due to Jack’s blackout curtains, and they took their time tumbling out of bed and getting dressed.

Per Samira’s wish, they had a late lunch at a trendy sushi place and took a stroll around a farmer’s market. They watched a movie in the theaters and took a nap at home before going for a romantic candlelit dinner. Samira dressed in a slinky, light green number with heels that made her the same height as Jack. He wore a smart button up and a pair of dark trousers, refusing to wear a jacket and tie as usual. Samira had gotten the shrimp and Jack had gotten the steak, them splitting a bottle of wine- white, Samira’s choice. Just enough to loosen her up but not enough to lose her clarity.

Which was good, because the second they got in the door, after a day

full of sidelong glances and suggestive touches, Jack pushed her up against the wall.

“Look at this pretty dress you got on, baby,” he muttered into her throat. His hands bracketed her waist, his thumbs just skimming the underside of her breasts, Samira’s back arching at the contact. “Who’d you wear this for, huh?”

“I wore it for you, Jack,” she breathed to the ceiling as he began to press kisses on the junction between her neck and her shoulder, nipping ever so slightly. His hands moved up further to tweak her nipples through her dress, causing her to exhale sharply. Her skin felt like it was on *fire,* and the feeling of him crowding her against the door made her feel small in a way that made her dizzy with want. He was just so- so fucking *strong,* and *capable,* and *broad*- all of these thoughts swirled in Samira’s head, coupled with the sensation of him plucking at her nipples like a guitar string.

“Is that right? My little girl wanted to show off for me?” He moved one of his hands down, down, bunching up her dress to give him access to her panties- a thin, sheer pair that was certainly soaked through. He rubbed her over her panties ever so slightly before he made a tsk sound. “Is this all for me, sweetheart? All of this just from some kisses?”

God, it wasn’t just some kisses and he knew it. Unable to form any words, Samira couldn’t help but keen like a fucking animal into his hair. She writhed against the door, trying to seek friction against the fingers he had cupping his mound. She was like a livewire, so keyed up from only a few touches, back arching against the wall. He was just so fucking *sexy,* and his low voice was scraping down her spine like a knife.

He huffed a laugh. “Trying to grind against my hand like a little whore, Samira? Are you that *desperate?* Do you want me to make you come, baby?”

Oh, god.

Is this the night it happens?

Fuck all if Samira wasn’t ready for it.

“Yes, *please,* Jack. I need you.” She tried to buck on his hand once more before he removed it, fully stepping away from her, leaving her panting on the wall, dress bunched up around her hips. He still looked

fully put together, no emotion betrayed on his face, the only evidence that he was affected being the slight bulge in his pants.

“Go stand by the couch,” he said with a jerk of his head. His eyes bore into her, a challenge, saying, *you can stop this at any time.*

Samira obeyed without hesitation.

She stepped out of her shoes as she went, losing a few inches in height that would surely work out in her advantage later. She stopped right before the couch, not turning around to look at him. He took his sweet time crossing the room, not touching her as he sat on the couch, sinking into the cushions, thighs spread out deliciously.

“Come take a seat, baby.” He patted the thigh of his good leg expectantly, quirking an eyebrow at her.

She only paused for a moment before slowly lowering himself over his leg, the heat of her cunt perched over his thigh.

He smirked before moving his hands to her waist and pulling her down fully so that she was making contact with the rough fabric of his dress pants. He then moved his hands to his side.

“Well,” he started, “make yourself come.” He looked at her through hooded lids like it was a challenge.

Her breath hitched. “You’re not- you’re not gonna touch me?” On an ordinary night, he would be all over her, already giving her a finger in her cunt and a thumb on her clit. Instead, his hands remained down.

“You *did* say I always give you everything you want. So, no. I’m gonna sit here and watch you show me how badly you want it.”

She knew her mouth was hanging open and she didn’t even care. Samira was eating her words, now, but she knew it would work in her favor later. She tilted her head back, trying to collect herself, before her hands found his chest for leverage. Samira was nervous for some reason, feeling butterflies in her stomach, but she tried not to let it show. She experimentally rocked back and forth once, and *oh-*

“Is that good, baby? Is that what you need?”

In lieu of a response, she rocked against his thigh again, her clit catching on the muscle of his thigh, her panties soaked through and useless. *Oh, fuck.* The movement zinged sensation through her cunt,

making her shiver. She did it again and again, desperately clutching at the fabric of his shirt, tilting her head forward again so it hung down, her hair in her face. It felt so fucking *good* and *dirty*- her getting off on his thigh and Jack watching her like he owned her.

"T- talk to me, *please,"* she panted, eyes screwed shut, only focusing on the rush of sensation that was building inside of her.

"Yeah, sweetheart?" he simpered. "What do you want me to say? That you look so pretty for me, using me to get yourself off? Show me your tits, baby."

She obeyed without thinking, shrugging off the spaghetti straps of her dress and pulling the fabric down to expose her bare chest. Jack immediately fondling her breasts, making goosebumps erupt down her arms, his big hands on her tits, squeezing and kneading her flesh.

"Or do you want me to get a little *meaner,* huh? Do you want me to say that you're humping me like a fucking *whore-"* he said, no hint of malice in his voice but taking the opportunity to tweak her nipple, *hard,* causing her to cry out. "That you're dripping so much it's making a wet spot on my pants? That you're practically drooling for my cock?" She lifted herself off of him almost completely, pushing down particularly hard to grind her slit down onto him, arching her back up into his punishing hands.

"Oh, fuck, Jack," she moaned, head still down, unable to look him in the eyes. He had really taken her words and ran with them, and she was lucky that she couldn't see him because the smirk that was probably on his face would both embarrass her and turn her on even more.

He moved one of his hands up from her breast to circle her throat, his thick fingers covering the whole expanse of her neck. Not holding tightly, but just enough that she became hyper aware of the sensation, him holding her life in his hands like he did for patients every goddamn day. She kept rocking back and forth, her clit catching every time she moved, Jack alternating between brushing over her nipples and pinching them between his fingers. She knew she was panting heavily like she was running a race but she couldn't possibly find it in herself to care. She was running a race, really, and she was hurtling towards the finish line at a rapid pace. She could feel herself building, grinding down on Jack's thigh with urgency.

He moved his hand up ever so slightly and brushed his thumb along

her bottom lip. He teased her mouth open and she took his thumb in her mouth without hesitation, circling it with her tongue, bobbing slightly, putting on a show for him. “You’re my pretty girl, aren’t you? My pretty little girl who’s gonna come on my thigh.”

“Are you close, baby? Can you get there by yourself?” His voice was gravely, low in his throat, and it somehow made Samira even wetter.

She shook her head, a furrow between her brows. She couldn’t and he knew it, that bastard.

“That’s what I thought, Mira. You need *me* to make you come, don’t you. Sucking on my thumb like it’s my fucking cock.” He moved his other thumb to her clit, pushing her panties down and making circles with her wetness. She bucked even harder at the touch, reflexively grabbing his arm and holding on tight, her nails no doubt pressing crescents into his skin. Jack didn’t seem to mind.

“You have to come before I can fuck you, Mira,” he tutted. “Use that big brain of yours.”

She let her mouth drop open, Jack moving his thumb to circle her nipple with the same rhythm as her clit. *“Oh, god, Jack- I- Fuck”*

“Look at me while I make you come.” He sounded so fucking *serious,* so commanding that she just had to-

It was a Herculean fucking effort, but she pried her eyes open to look at him.

He was remarkably unfazed, just staring her down like he was going to fucking eat her. She watched the muscles in his arms move, surely with a stupid look on her face, rubbing her cunt on his thigh, chasing a high better than any save in the ER.

She held eye contact, rocking and rocking and *rocking-*

And then Jack fucking *pinched her clit* and said, “Come for me, Samira,” more growl than actual words, and she fucking broke.

She came like a tidal wave, gushing wetness on his thigh, shivers wracking her body, crying out and screwing her eyes shut before falling forward and collapsing onto Jack’s chest. She breathed deeply with his hand rubbing up and down her back, the residual shudders flowing through her. She listened attentively to the beating of his heart.

“You did so good for me, sweetheart,” he assured after a moment, whispering into her ear. “Was that too much?”

“Fuck, no,” she blurted, circling her arms around his shoulders.

He couldn’t help but chuckle.

*****

Samira was on her back and *blessedly* naked.

Her soaked-through panties and slinky dress were abandoned somewhere in the corner of the room and Jack was naked too, making out with her like it was his fucking job.

They had somehow made it to the bed, Samira too focused on the heavy weight of his cock to pay any attention.

His tongue was in her mouth, laving across her tongue and teeth, making her head spin with want. She had her hands in his hair, scraping her nails in the way she knows he likes. He was hard, his pelvis pressing into her as they kissed on the bed.

He moved down from her mouth, pressing open, wet kisses down her throat before pulling back and looking her dead in the eyes.

“Turn around for me, Samira.”

Oh, fuck.

She shuddered out a breath before turning around, laying her face sideways on the pillow.

His big hands grabbed her hips, propping her up on her knees, bare ass in the air. She felt exposed in the best way, the anticipation like ice in her veins. They didn’t often have sex in this position, but when they did he hit a spot she didn’t know was possible.

“Is this good, baby?” he cooed, sugary sweet and just on the sexy side of patronizing that made it feel like her head was stuffed with cotton. “Can I fuck you like this?”

“Please fuck me like this,” she moaned into the pillow. “I *need* you to

fuck me, Jack. And *keep fucking talking."*

His responding laugh skidded down her spine. "Alright, baby. You want me to show you some moves?"

Before she could begin to question what the hell he was talking about, quick as lightning he encircled both of her wrists, using one of his hands to pin both of hers behind her back and pushing down, making her arch into the mattress.

"Holy *shit,* Jack-" she gasped, the words ripped out of her without thinking. Where the fuck had this been hiding this whole time? She should've known he could manhandle her like this, with all his fucking military training-

"I'm gonna fuck you just like this," he said, his other hand notching his cock at her entrance, "and you're gonna take it for me, nice and pretty." He didn't ask like he normally did, he just fucking *said* so. He was using that voice like he used in the ER when he was instructing her on a new procedure, smooth yet firm, the dichotomy between his tone and his grip on her wrists making her even wetter than she was before.

She couldn't do anything other than whimper into the fucking pillow as he pushed into her slowly, the glide of his cock all she could focus on, filling her up completely.

His responding sigh gave her chills. "Always so wet for me, aren't you baby?" He squeezed on her wrists ever so slightly. She was probably drooling onto the pillow but she couldn't give a damn. "I'm sliding in so *easy.* Taking it like a slut." *Fuck fuck fuck.* She panted into the pillow, feeling like she was *drowning,* drowning in sex and Jack and that fucking feeling of the tip of his cock hitting that spongy part inside of her that made her walls constrict. He pulled out then pushed back in, picking up his pace as he made room for himself.

"Ah- Jack-" she moaned as he bottomed out. *"Ugh- I-"*

"Look at you. Can't even speak a fucking sentence while I'm fucking you like this, huh?" The hand at her hip moved to the swell of her ass and squeezed *hard,* making her squeak and clench on his cock.

"Jack, oh my god-" Her hands flexed in his grasp, trying to break free, and Jack responded by pressing down harder, his grip relentless, not letting her go. *Holy shit she was fucking dizzy-*

“My pretty Samira, always the smartest person in the room. But only I get to see you like this, right? Too cock-drunk to think straight? I’m so goddamn lucky I get to love you, get to *fuck you* like this.” He set a punishing pace, his hips slamming into her with abandon, like a man possessed. *Holy fuck, she was glad she got drunk enough to ask him to do this.* She felt like she was high, like her whole world was focused on the place they were connected, like she was going to fall off the edge of a cliff.

Her moans rose higher and higher, an octave higher than her normal voice, pitchy and breathless. He grunted softly as he thrusted, the sound of his hips meeting her ass making a sick slapping noise that might have made her embarrassed if she weren’t so fucking *keyed up,* her back arching even further into the mattress. She was so close, his thick cock stretching her out so well, but not *quite enough-*

“What do you need, baby? Need me to touch your clit?”

He always knew exactly what she needed. *“Fuck, yes, please-”* she panted.

He licked his thumb and positioned it at her entrance, rubbing her clit in circles in the way he knew she liked. He was always perfectly attuned to her like that.

“You drive me fucking crazy, you know that?” The slight breathlessness in his voice was the only thing that gave him away as anything other than unflappable. “You’re so fucking *sexy.* Before we got together I would jack off to the thought of you like a fucking perv. I would think about your hair, and your pretty tits, and *this-* fucking you so deep you can taste it. Those pretty noises you make; I dream of them, Samira. You’re always so good for me, so sweet, but you just need a strong hand, didn’ you? Wanted me to love you like a princess and fuck you like a slut?”

“Holy fuck, please!” she cried, the words ripped out of her.

“I know that’s right, baby. Now, I’m about to come, and you’re gonna come with me, got it?”

She nodded helplessly, her face screwed up, jaw open. She would do anything this man wanted if he would just keep fucking her like this. She couldn’t stop it even if she tried.

“My beautiful girl. You know I love you, right?”

Holy fuck, was she crying? She felt a sudden wetness on her cheeks, but she was too focused on her impending orgasm to possibly pay attention to that. She went fucking nonverbal as he kept hitting that *spot* that made her feel fucking insane, and he was relentless in his pace, his military training surely paying off, holding tight onto her wrists with one hand and playing with her clit with the other.

"Ah- ah- ah-" she moaned with a sense of finality right as he let go of her wrists to hold her hips tightly, slamming into her and *holding* with the strong grip of a fucking soldier, right as she came. He unloaded into her with a deep, animalistic groan, ropes of cum painting her insides, hot and deep and seemingly never ending until he finally let go and flopped on the bed next to her.

She relaxed her back, fully laying on her front, face still pressed into the pillow that was now rather damp, come leaking out of her.

She didn't think she could lift her head if she tried, and she still felt like her head was stuffed with cotton, like she had ascended beyond this mortal plane. She was only slightly aware of the soreness she felt in her wrists and in her cunt, but a deeper, more pleasurable ache permeated her, too.

Jack only let himself catch his breath for a moment before he sprung back into action.

"How do you feel, Samira?" He was already reaching over for the water he kept on the bedside table.

"I-" she started, voice almost embarrassingly hoarse. "I feel- dizzy? Floaty?"

He rubbed his hand up and down her back- soothing, not sexy. "From what I read, that's pretty normal after something so… intense."

Even in her state, she huffed a laugh. "You researched?"

"I'm a doctor, Samira," he deadpanned. "Of course I researched. And I wanted to make this good for you," he ended, almost shyly.

"Well, I can't move my limbs and you made me cum so hard I saw stars, *twice,* so I would say you did a pretty bang up job."

He chuckled. "Even freshly fucked you're still sassy."

Samira mustered all her strength to roll onto her front to see Jack

sitting next to her, looking over her like a guardian angel.

“You can’t get rid of it that easily, you know,” she said, cheekily.

“I know,” he smiled. “It’s one of the things I love most about you.” He leaned down to smooth her hair out of her eyes and press a feather-soft kiss onto her forehead.

“I know,” she whispered, eyes fluttering shut. “And I love you too.”

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